5

The Tune to the Devonshire *Cant*:

Or, an Answer to the PARLIAMENT Dissolved at *Oxford.*

—— *Nonne vides ut nudum remigio latus.* Horat. Ode XIIII Lib. I

THE safety of the *KING* and's Royal *Throne*,
Depends on those 500 *KINGS* alone;
Those, under whom some say three *Kingdoms* groan.

The Commons no new Methods will assigne,
Of chusing *KINGS* they know the *Royal Line*,
Was wont to be reputed as *Divine.*

Your English-men who understand who gave,
Their *KING* his *Royal grandure* scorn to have,
His Majesty their *General*, their *Slave.*

As frantick and outragious as were,
Their *VOTES*; they shew'd their Vigilence and care,
And nought like those could dissipate our fear.

They are *Dissolv'd* and with them all our *hopes*,
Prepare for *Smithfeild* fires for *Racks* and *Ropes*;
For that's the pleasing Exercise of *POPES.*

Now to create *Intestine Broyls* what need
Is there, of those experienc'd things take heed,
When'th *States Blood's* hot 'tis dangerous to bleed.

In all true Hearts it would a Love create,
To see the *Supreme power* dissipate,
All *Pentioners*, those *Spungers* of our *State.*

The *Commons* aimes were but to regulate,
Things shuffl'd out of place in *Church* and *State*,
Not to cramp *Justice* but *corroborate.*

When they offend they justly feel the smart,
Impos'd on them by some ambitious heart;
Who's swellen envy breaks out like a F----t.

But here's the mischief, they espouse the *Law*,
Hate those who *Subjects* from *Alligiance* draw,
And of their *Royal Master* stand in awe.

We've grounds to hope when next they meet they'l bring,
Wise Councels, *Grave Proposals*, ev'ry thing,
Conducive to the *Peace* of *People* and *KING.*

If so, we'll sing adieu to *PLOTS*, in vain
Shall *Rogues* attempt to shake our Peace again,
And then great *CHARLES* most happily will reign.

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